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MISS EDNA MAY'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE.

Photo. Bassano.

One more noted actress, in the person of Miss Edna May, retires from the stage to-day. It is not so many years ago that, as the Belle of New York, she took London by storm. The run of the piece was phenomenal, and since then Miss May has continued to delight audiences in a number of successful pieces, until she has become a part of the London stage. Every playgoer regrets the retirement of this dainty little lady, but can only rejoice at the reason of it. Miss May is to marry Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, and "P.I.P." adds its best wishes for the future to the almost countless ones which Miss May has already received.

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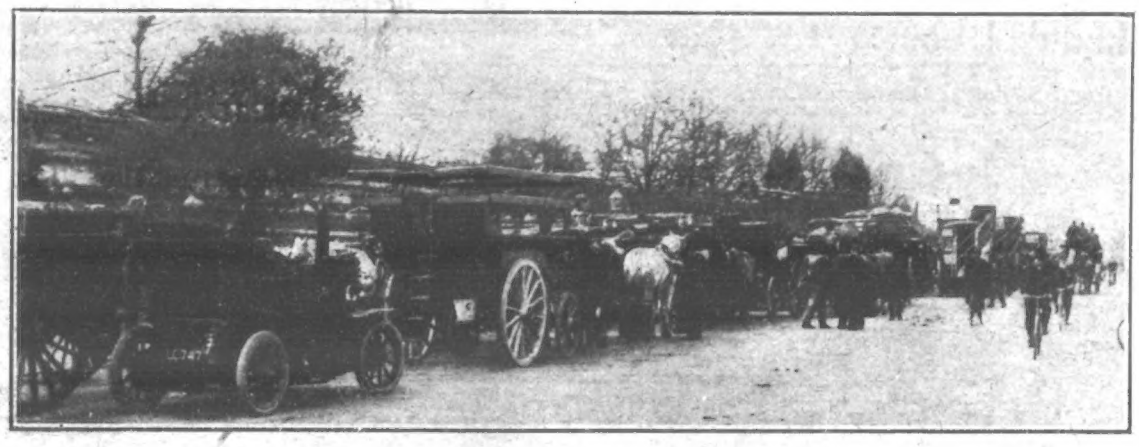
NEUTRAL GROUND:

CUP-TIE DAY OUTSIDE THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



One long line of vehicles of all descriptions, stretching from end to end of the Crystal Palace Parade, and overflowing into the side streets.

SHORTLY after noon the Palace Parade and the hills running down from it at either end began to realise that Cup Day had arrived. It is a great time for the neighbourhood; a bank-holiday with all the shops open, police bristling at every corner, and noise enough to counterbalance the quiet of the rest of the year.

The first brake rolled up and deposited its cargo right at the doors of the old Palace, on the glass roof of which the sun was shining cheerily, though with that late-winter light that has so little of warmth in it. The first batch of sight-seers, anxious to maintain their record for ultra-punctuality, dived straightway through the turnstiles, and the brake took up its stand by the kerb.

Close upon its heels came more of its fellows, followed hard by great hulking motor-buses, and lesser fry, numerous as hansoms in the City; cabs, taximos, traps, barrows, coaches, and almost numberless motor-cars, with their occupants weirdly disguised. The drivers of the brakes snorted disdainfully at the cars as they scraped the heaving sides of their horses — what they said is another matter.

Slowly at first, more rapidly later, the whole length of the Palace Parade became hedged in on either side by vehicles of every size and shape, and by three o'clock they had overflowed into the side-streets, lapping round the corners and down the hills. The horses, for the most part, were patient brutes, a bit groggy at the knees and Roman-nosed, but—horses.

By half-past three a lull had fallen upon the streets. For the time being the crowd that does not come on foot seemed to have arrived and disappeared. It might have been that these vehicles and their attendant horses had occupied the broad Parade always, they stood so still. The excitement of the day was not for them, and they seemed to know it. The white letters on a blue ground of

PLAY UP, SHEFFIELD!

appeared to have no connection with them. It was enough for them that they had done the first part of their work; and so they stood still, except for the occasional toss of a frayed-edged nosebag.

Save for the loiterers from these brakes, the streets were comparatively empty, for the sightseers who came by train passed straight through the subways into the Palace. Those who remained in the streets were of four distinct orders—coachmen, who, in the majority, and for no apparent reason, had replaced their uniform top-hats by caps; loafers, who seemed to have lounged from all parts of London to earn a few coppers easily; men and women with apparently no real right to be in the neighbourhood, they looked so out of place, though, for the most part, they lived there; and the hawkers-of-many-things who always follow a crowd, overtaking it at the first stopping-place, and at once making their presence felt and their voices heard.

Along Westow Hill, one of the largest of the roads running up to the Palace, most of the latter had taken their stand. First came a man selling walking-sticks, ferruleless and knobless—but what can one expect for twopence? Not a yard distant was a barrow of flowers, sweet, and covered with pale lemon primroses; jostling it, and in strong contrast, was a fish-stall, with its array of little saucers, full of little curly somethings known familiarly only to the initiated, backed by long, pale loaves of doubtful-looking bread, and with two crates of ready-cooked fish in the background. The owner of this stall was already doing a desultory trade, producing small change from beneath a slab of paper, placed artfully at the back of the stall, with the dexterity of a conjurer. An Italian, possessed of one linen sleeve, came next, in charge of the inevitable ice-cream barrow, round which stood small boys, well content to freeze their inner man while they stamped their feet lustily to ward off the cool breeze. They were out to enjoy themselves, and ice-cream being in the rules and regulations of enjoyment, they did not intend to flinch, despite the temperature.

By four, the streets had taken on an aspect of repose; the loafers lounged against the nearest possible support, the police hung about with an abstracted air, as if bored at having no one to lock up, and practically the only noise was the distant cheering of the thousands watching the match, with occasionally

THE PROLONGED "AH!"

which denoted a fresh point in favour of one of the teams.

Slightly after four, two belated wagonettes rolled up the Parade. Between two and three score of men clambered down, decided that it was too late to think of bothering about the real object of their excursion, and strolled off in twos and threes in search of refreshment and consolation.

Half an hour later, the formerly motionless horses awoke into unwilling life; coachmen, with their check caps in their pockets, clambered up to their boxes, and, having heard that Sheffield was leading, some of those who had previously flaunted the blue favour of Everton promptly changed it for the blue-and-white of Sheffield Wednesday. Bits of blue ribbon and twisted cord blossomed everywhere: in hat-bands, on whips, in button-holes—for Sheffield was winning.

A more protracted burst of cheering, and the match was over. The name of the winning team passed from mouth to mouth, somewhat indifferently, for sentiment had favoured Everton. Hardly had the cheers died away than newsboys, bearing the hastily-stamped result of the match, were hurrying down the road. Scarcely had the first paper been sold than the Palace seemed to open all its doors at once and loosed its crowd upon the streets.

Out they came in their thousands, a goodly sprinkling of soldiers among them, and road and pavement were hidden. The Parade had suddenly been turned into a seething black sea; everyone was talking, some shouting; above it all rose the shrill pipe of a tin-whistle and the rattling strains of an organ. The match was over, but not the day.

On all sides brakes were rapidly filling and moving off on their homeward journey; motor-cars were backing out of the stables, scattering the crowd, which has not yet lost its apprehension of them; cyclists were everywhere, and dozens of hansoms threaded a path through the crowd, dodging down the first convenient side-turning. Not singly, but in strings, the vehicles moved away, until only a few that could not gather in their scattered cargoes, remained. Yet, despite the number who had driven away, the roads were still black with men. They swarmed in and out of the public-houses, clamoured round the fish-stall, shouted "Good old Sheffield!" donned false noses and whiskers—and were thoroughly and supremely happy.

But even these, as time passed, melted slowly but surely away; spaces of bare road and pavement became visible, the stall-owners counted over their money, and the usual every-day peace of the Palace began to re-assert itself. Quickly they had come, these tens of thousands, and quickly they went away, leaving behind them a legacy of paper-bags, red-faced policemen, and a goodly portion of freely-spent money.

Cup Day has no evening.—N. M. G.

Sheffield Wednesday had many followers. This photograph shows two of them wearing paper hats of the colours of their team.

A part of the huge crowd waiting on the banks surrounding the ground. Later in the day there was scarcely room to stand

WEATHER FORECAST FOR THE KITCHEN. Stormy and Squalls, unless Cook is kept in good frame of mind by a liberal supply of Keating's Powder, which keeps pantry and larder free from Beetles, Ants, and Cockroaches. Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Oilmen, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (filled), 9d.—ADVT.

All through the morning they arrived, until the whole Parade was full of things on wheels.

Comfort is quite a secondary consideration with the real enthusiasts. Note a number of them perched on posts, waiting for the game to start.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should Incomes Be Taxed?

FOR.

THE man who has a logical objection to paying income tax has yet to be found.

The world is full of shirkers who call themselves conscientious objectors, and go through life convinced that the British Government is a machine maintained solely to harass the honest, and to prevent their enjoyment of that share of the world's good things which they consider themselves entitled to, either through their own endeavours, good luck, or sharp practice. These men do not recognise their obligations to the State; in fact, they do not recognise it at all until it asks them to pay their share of the bill for maintaining its integrity and prosperity. Then they are all howls. They not only protest that it is an iniquitous thing that the hard-working man should be robbed of his hard-earned income, but they consider themselves entitled to cheat the Inland Revenue if they can, while keeping an eagle eye open to detect any shortcomings in the administrations of the public funds.

Those who are opposed to the levying of an income tax are of two classes: such as are convinced that, this being a free country, everything in it should be free, and those who, recognising that someone must pay the piper, would dump the burden on other shoulders. The first class of man would refuse to buy a pound of tea if the bill was presented to him plus the tax which the Revenue levies, and would groan over his beer if he remembered that with every pint he consumed he was probably helping the Chancellor of the Exchequer to form a surplus for his next Budget. If he realised that every time he purchased a railway ticket he was assisting to buy a policeman a new helmet, he would not be able to enjoy the police news in his evening paper. But you must not tell this individual that he is not a good citizen.

The man of the second class

BELIEVES THOROUGHLY IN TAXING SOMEONE ELSE.

He does not see why millionaires and motor-cars should not be taxed to extinction. (He hates both.) He thinks that cats might advantageously be taxed heavily. (He hates cats.) Why not tax bachelors? (He is a much married man.) He would certainly tax silk hats. (He goes through life in a tweed cap.) But you must not tell this individual that he is not a good citizen.

Now we want citizens — men who realise that they are of the State, and are a working part of it; men who recognise their responsibilities in a broader sense than that of securing their own prosperity in business. This cannot be brought about by indirect taxation. Indirect taxation affects many classes in many ways, and for this reason it does not bind our common interests. If the income tax were abolished we should see very little attention paid to the publication of the Budget. Of course we shall be told that the announcements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are only awaited with anxiety in order to see how much, if anything, has been taken off the income tax. We are but human. But at the same time it cannot be denied that, in even its worst light, this individual concern of the income-tax payer in the finance of the country would disappear to a great extent if we were no longer called upon to pay directly into its coffers.

THE INCOME TAX WITHOUT DOUBT EXERCISES A HEALTHY INFLUENCE ON US.

It gives us a voice in the management of the affairs of the nation. We are all more keenly alive to the actions of the man who is spending our money than to those of the man who is paying away money the possession of which does not concern ourselves. Take the ratepayer and the man who is without a municipal vote, and there is no need to ask which displays the greater interest in municipal affairs. If we wish to see citizens alive to the work of governing the country we must insist on their contributing to its support by personal taxation.

Nor should the fact be ignored that income tax with its fluctuations, dependent upon the great pulse of the nation, acts as a stimulus to the earning capacity of business firms and our industries generally. At the threat of war the income tax becomes a direct appeal to our patriotic spirit, and in meeting the call we are braced to efforts, personally and collectively, which are in every respect beneficial.

As patriots, we must be income-tax payers, not forgetting Tennyson's rousing lines—

> For I trust, if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
> And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
> That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
> And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand—home.

If we were to abolish the income tax, we should have to make up the deficit by indirect taxation, which would bear severely and unjustly on those who can barely afford the necessities of life. If we regard the countries in which no income tax is levied, we see the results of over-indirect taxation, that is the only alternative to direct taxation which can be taken into consideration.

Is there less discontent in any class among the untaxed of other nations than is found among Englishmen? If the income tax were abolished to-morrow, it would not be a year before there was a still bigger grumble against the rapacity of the Government. The Englishman must have his grumble; and he grumbles about the income tax because it confronts him in a straightforward and simple manner. He does not grumble at the tax which is imposed upon his tobacco for the reason that it would be a complex matter, yet it is not less a tax on his income.

The man who is a citizen in the best sense of the word, who loves his country and is proud of its good name and its power, does not grudge that which he takes from his own income in order to add to the income of the State.

AGAINST.

Income tax is the Englishman's yoke, beneath which he plods cheerlessly on, suspicious of the small mercies cast him, and knowing well that the Government regards him as a useful beast, but one that it means to drive with an unsparing lash.

Well have the methods of the Inland Revenue been called inquisitorial. Harsh, remorseless, prying, it does nothing to soften the fact that the tax-collector is taking from the pockets of men and women money which by every just right is their own, to dispose of as they think best. The principle is a monstrous one, and its practice is such as must revolt our sense of justice. We are all suspects in the eyes of the Inland Revenue Department. Its official language is freely peppered with threats. On compulsion we are expected to declare our income: payment of the tax is demanded from us under pain of penalties liberally calculated to strike terror into our hearts, and to leave no doubts as to this being a system of extortion.

We are squeezed and harassed to the utmost extent; we are allowed no privacy with regard to the conducting of our private or business affairs, and there are no secrets concerning our struggles to make the bravest show our incomes will permit that the Revenue officials do not consider themselves entitled to lay bare.

If we resist for good and proper reasons we are brought up before the Commissioners to be catechised, cross-examined, and subjected to every possible indignity, with the result, times out of number, that we are overridden, disbelieved, and further mulcted, instead of being granted the relief we sought.

But it is not only the method in which this system of taxation is administered which makes it unpopular.

IT DISCOURAGES THE WORKER

who comes within its grip by leaving ever present before him the fact that the more he strives to increase his income, the heavier will the burden of taxation become. The moment a man begins to earn more than a competence, the State steps in to relieve him of no small proportion of it. Each pound that he could formerly put to his credit he must in future regard as representing only nineteen shillings and threepence. And he has not even the satisfaction of reflecting that every man who earns a like income has his pound similarly clipped. The clerk and the small trader, the struggling professional man and the annuitant, must meet the demands of the income tax, while the man who has no need and no desire to "keep up appearances" goes free.

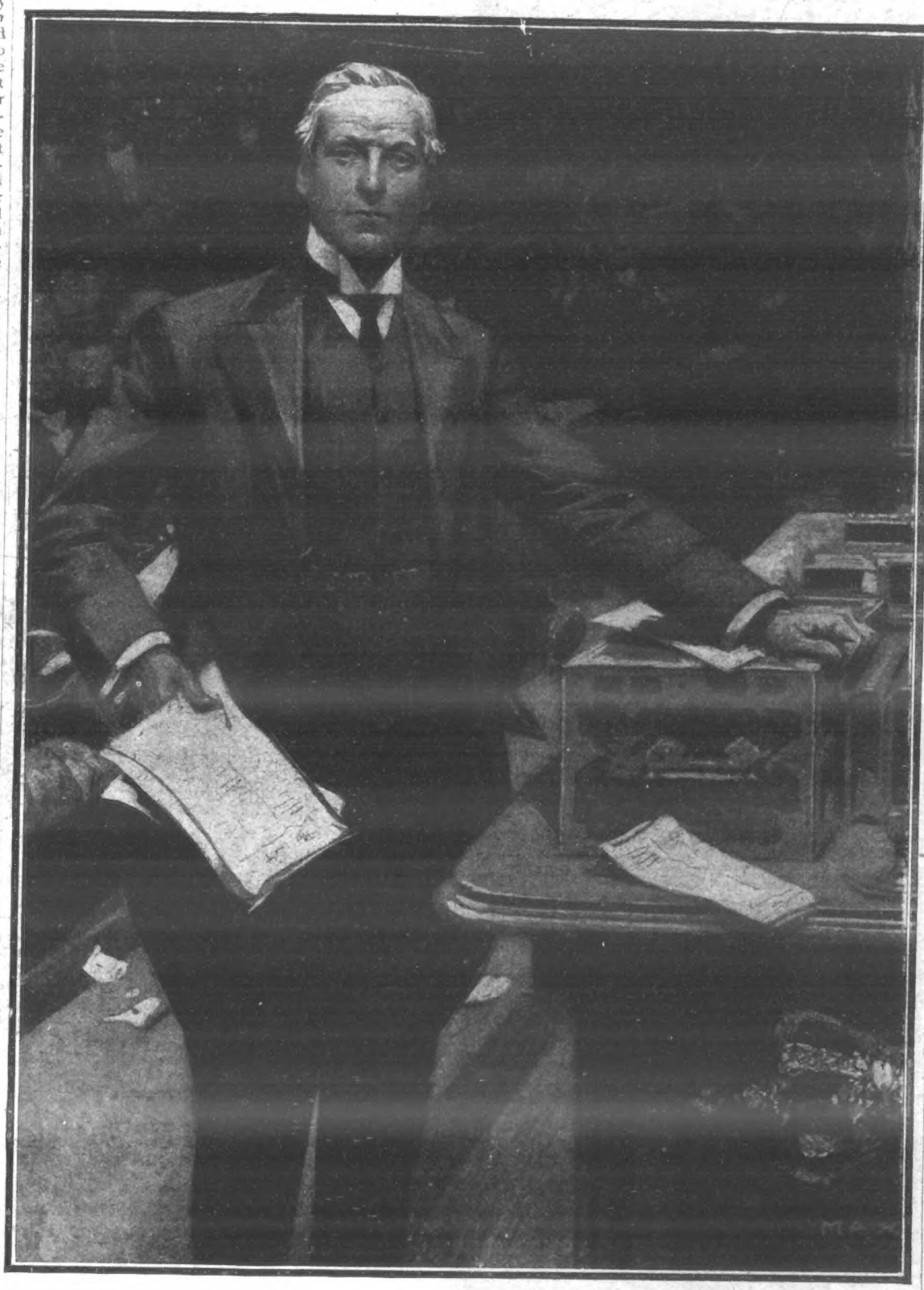
According to the theory of income tax collection, every man who earns an income above a certain amount is liable; but the clerk earning two hundred a year knows very well that there are thousands of men earning far more than he can ever hope to do who pay no tax because the machinery of the Inland Revenue does not reach the artisan classes. Look at it which way we like, the income tax remains the penalty of industry and ambition. It discourages thrift by appropriating what might otherwise be set aside as the savings on an income, and it tempts men and women to exist meanly that they may be considered too small fry for the net of the Revenue officials.

If the income tax were abolished we should see an immediate social improvement in the lives of millions of hard-working men who make no attempt to better their condition and bring upon themselves

THE UNREASONING EXTORTION OF THIS INSATIABLE TAX.

It is incorrect and unfair to assume that, because the feeling of the country is against the income tax, Englishmen are unwilling to contribute to the maintenance of the Empire. There are many directions tried, and many more that have been suggested by men entitled to be heard, in which taxation could be increased and augmented without affecting those classes which at present are the greatest sufferers under the income tax yoke. Nor need we cry out for a heavier tax on "the luxuries of the wealthy." All of those among us worthy of the name of Englishmen, would gladly see an expansion of indirect taxation in any reasonable and equitable direction. In the past, when increased duties have been levied which affected the retail customer, the protestants have always been in the minority. What every logical-minded man objects to is the taxation of earned, but unspent, money. With his whole sovereign in his hand, the income-earner would be ready to do his duty as a taxpayer. Acknowledging a just claim on his pocket, he would pay his way cheerfully and ungrudgingly with the satisfaction that although taxed he was a free agent.

No matter what sops in the pan are offered him, the income-tax payer will never accept the whole system in any spirit than that which he now regards it. The ruthlessness of its ways when in action, and its secretiveness in counsel, fill him with uneasiness and distrust. Although the tax has been reduced in the present Budget, he cannot blind himself to the fact that the present peace rate is 50 per cent. higher than the old peace rate, and that even the rumour of war must prepare him for such a crippling upward bound in the demand on his income as he experienced at the outset of the Boer War.



THE THREEPENNY-BIT BUDGET.

Mr. Asquith introducing his Budget, the most notable feature of which is the reduction of threepence from the Income Tax. This applies, however, only to "earned" incomes of less than £2000 a year.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,
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172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER XI.

IT was the unanimous opinion of everyone concerned that the new billiard-marker at the Minster Hotel was a treasure, and an interesting treasure—the very type of man suitable to that highly select, somewhat exclusive, venerable hostelry which served almost as a club for the professional men and prosperous gentlemen farmers and graziers whom market-day brought to Bayminster. Suavely deferential, attentive, and accurate as he was, and the Minster billiard-tables had never been better brushed and ironed than since he came, everyone agreed that outside the billiard-room a billiard marker was the last thing Mr. Gibson would have been guessed to be. His grave, clean-shaved, well-defined mouth and chin, his serious, deep-set eyes, his close-cropped grey hair, his quiet grey attire, his generally well-groomed appearance, and his reserved and perfect manner, far more easily suggested the ecclesiastical lawyer: a long black frock coat, close up to a rigid white collar, would have stamped him one of the reverend canons and other clerics who at times lent the coffee-room and lobbies of the hotel an air of venerable sanctity.

Felix Wynne and Stephen Jerrold, over a quiet cigar in a corner after billiards, discussed Gibson in an undertone with interest.

"I wonder what brought him down to billiard-marking. I'll swear he's been something on a different plane," said Felix. "That man never acquired his manner of speech and bearing by recording scores and handing the rest. There's a mystery about him that appeals to me."

"He sets me wondering too," said Stephen, adding with a laugh, "although I'm not seeing possibilities in him for a story or a play. By-the-bye, you're booming, aren't you, Felix, since the gallant rescue, etc.?"

"Yes," Felix laughed, "it's rather funny, and just a bit riling; the editors who persistently declined my best copy with exasperating thanks are now tumbling over each other's heels for anything I can find time to write them, merely because I happened to help Bob Wattles to scale the fire-escape and drag a couple of people across a window-sill, and the newspapers made a fuss about it."

"Incidentally, with tongues of flame licking the middle rungs of your ladder below you," said the lawyer; "but no matter. Wonder what Master Wattles was doing out that time of night—night-lines or wires?"

"Neither, he told me so in answer to that very question when I happened on him in the bracken of the park plantation. The poacher's strong in his blood, I know and he knows, but I believed him when he swore he'd sooner cut his right hand off than poach a hare or a pheasant of hers. No, she, who is as wise as she is lovable—yes, lovable—realised that this born poacher would make a perfect gamekeeper, and Bob was on his second night's beat as watchman by her orders."

"You're quite right," said the lawyer, "there's a deuce of a lot of grit about that girl, and it's just as well, otherwise the green widow, as Felicia calls her, would have made things rather unpleasant for her."

Somehow, Stephen Jerrold had dropped into quite a habit of speaking of Miss Wynne as Felicia, and thinking of her as Felicia. Springing up, he said—

"Come along, old chap; we'll run over to the Manor House and make kind inquiries."

Felix assented quite promptly to the suggestion he had been waiting an opportunity to make himself. And twenty minutes later Jerrold's car was throbbing at the Manor House main entrance, now a mass of scaffolding and ladders. They found the young mistress of the great house so far recovered that, leaning on Felicia's arm, she was pacing her favourite lawn, with Nurse Sylvain hovering near her like a protecting motherly hen, with wraps, shawls, and prescriptions ready to hand. And Felix Wynne was vaguely conscious of the scrutinising gaze the Grey Nurse fixed on him when he bent over her charge's garden-chair or swathed her shoulders with her wraps. And when the visitors had left, and she and Marah were alone in that Cosy Room that was their sanctuary, Nurse Sylvain murmured, fitting the slippers on the girl's feet, and in answer to a rhapsody concerning Felicia and her brother—

"Marah, what of him?"

"What do you mean, mother mine?" said the girl, with both arms around her neck, and laying a cheek upon her breast.

"I mean, dear, do you care for Felicia's brother as a girl knows she must some day come to care—for somebody?"

"He saved my life, mother, he saved both our lives."

"Yes, yes, I know, my darling, and his name will be ever in my prayers while I live. But tell me, Marah, tell your own mother, is there in your heart something for him beyond gratitude?"

"Oh, mother mine, how can I tell?" Marah murmured. "Even if there were, mother, it would be in vain, in vain; he is so true, so crystal clear, that I can now scarce meet his eyes knowing what I am. Oh, mother, it was the thought of him that set me wavering and repenting; it was to be away from him and from the chance of meeting him day after day, of learning at last to love him, for I knew—I knew that love him soon or late I should, it was that thought, I say, that nerved me, impelled me, forced me to make ready to leave this house where I was and am an impostor, a cheat, a fraud, and go out into the world an outcast, destitute, homeless, but—myself. And, mother, when I meet his eyes, when I listen to his voice, and when his hand holds mine, I feel that I must—yes, must—go hence, must cast away this slough of fraud. And even though alone, though banished from his presence, be—myself, my poor self, but my true self, once again."

And it was then that her mother sprang up in a white heat of wrath and passion, every fibre of her being quivering as she cried—

"No! No! you shall not! I swear you shall not! Fate has been too unkind to you for you to wreak still one more wrong upon yourself. No! no! You are no outcast here, no stranger here, let the wretched world, and its wretched little laws made to measure with its own wretchedness, say what they will. You are Matthew Jerningham's child, his only child, flesh and blood of his, by him begotten, and by Nature's supreme law of flesh and blood the lineal descendant and heiress of the long line of masters and mistresses who have reigned within these walls. Born out of wedlock, true, but, child, why should you shudder? That was no fault of yours, and why should you suffer for what was not your sin? Wedlock! wedlock! What does Nature care for the artificial bond woven by the hand of a priest or the pen of an official at a desk?"

"Mother! mother! mother!" the girl whimpered, her head hidden in the arms folded on her mother's knees. And that mother, stroking the tumbled tresses, went on in a whisper, a pleading whisper—

"Besides, remember this, for what virtue there may be in wedlock, he swore—he swore by all that he and I held sacred, that it should come to pass, this wedlock, swore it in the sight of God! Child, remember this, had he and I been sojourning in some other places, those very oaths of his would have constituted this marriage bond that priests and lawyers prate of."

"Mother! mother!" Marah moaned, "I must go hence!"

And then her mother, arising in her sublimity, her wrath, lifting her hands and her strained voice to Heaven, cried—

"No, no! You shall not go! What if your false father cheated you of your birthright, I will baulk the cheating! I, your true mother, will not let you go!"

The door stealthily opened, while Nurse Sylvain stood there like a statue of some wrathful sibyl, then in a swift moment was her grey, placid self again. For Matthew Jerningham's widow, the woman who had never loved him, who had never borne him any child, had entered the room.

CHAPTER XII.

As time went on, the popularity of the new marker at the Minster Hotel increased, day after day revealing some new attribute of his character. Reserved rather than intrusive, both in manner and conversation, there was scarcely a topic or subject broached in the Minster billiard-room with which he was not in some degree conversant, and by-and-by Mr. Gibson became quite an authority on matters of discussion—indeed, he was bidding fair to become quite an institution.

Until at last, one fateful day, things happened, revealing Gibson in a new light. A sound authority on all points connected with every form of billiards—pyramids or pool—he very rarely handled a cue, save when alone. But on the fateful day above referred to, a certain convivial grazier, after lunching extremely well at the Minster, lounged into its billiard-room, and finding only Mr. Gibson there, challenged him to a game at "snooker pool." Moreover, challenged him to play for money, and, being beaten, for more money; and with each successive defeat, that originally market-merry but now desperate grazier increased the stakes, at last doubling, trebling them, and finally, shelling out to Mr. Gibson some five-and-forty pounds in notes and gold, and borrowing from him a sovereign to see him home.

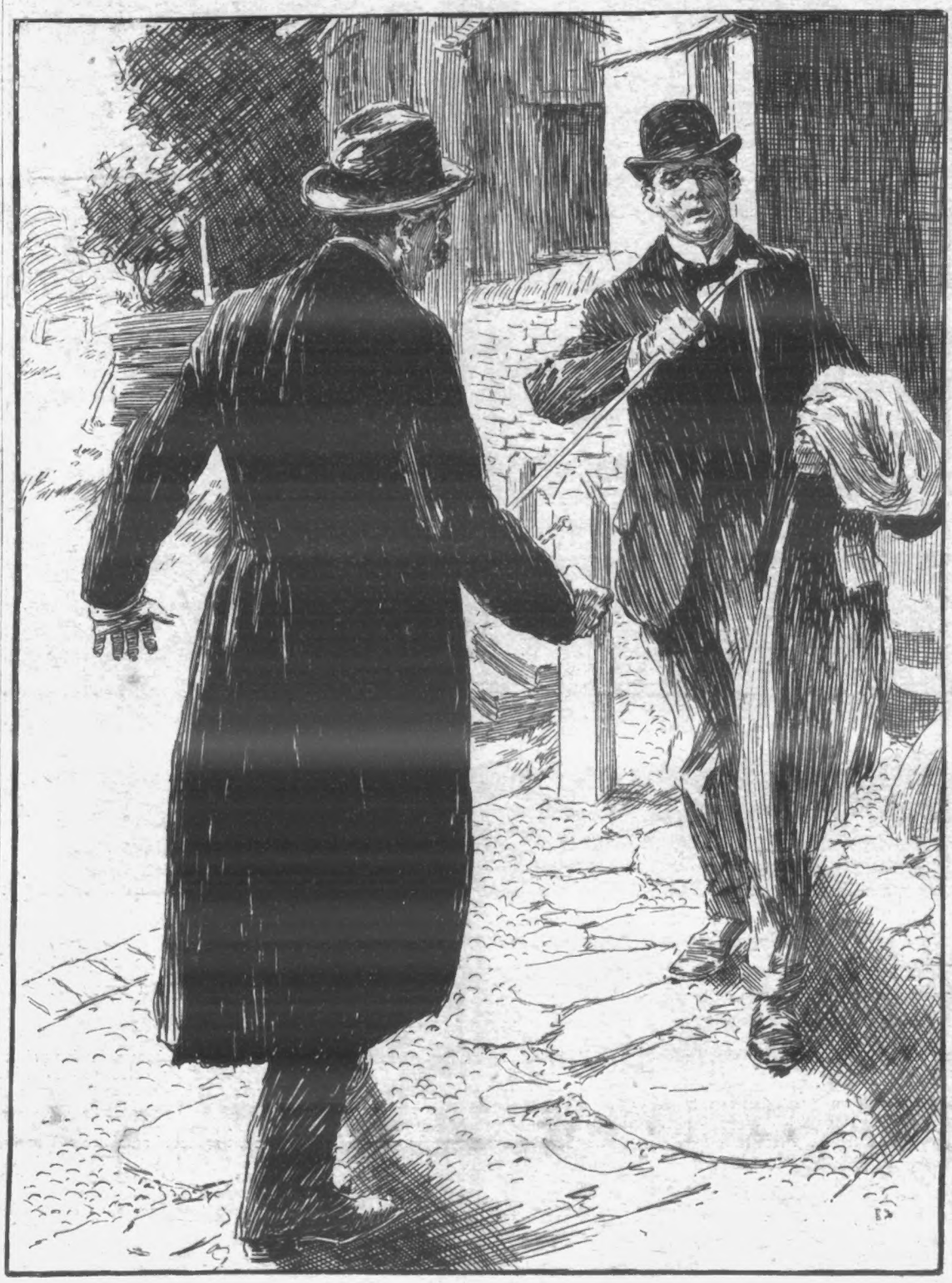
When that grazier, now sobered and chastened, had departed, Mr. Gibson, excited possibly by the keenness of the struggle as well as by the victory, broke what had been at Bayminster till then his rule, and began, to quote the reports of eye-witnesses, "to do himself very well." And then, according to the same evidence, the eminently respectable, reserved, even severe and ascetic Mr. Gibson broke out.

Finally, Mr. Gibson was escorted with some difficulty by a couple of constables to the police-station, where the Superintendent, with difficulty recognising in the human wreck flung up on the rocks the highly superior Mr. Gibson to whom he had looked up so reverently, detained him, far more in sorrow than in anger, till the following morning, when an abashed, head-aching, throat-burning Mr. Gibson gasped hoarse excuses concerning a "touch of sun—sort of residue of the old trouble in Calcutta."

Being released, Mr. Gibson, having slaked to some extent the volcano in his throat, strode slowly and dejectedly down Prebend Street towards the Market-Place, reviling himself in far from measured terms.

"You astounding, comprehension-passing lunatic! to queer your pitch like this, for queered it is beyond all redemption. Give some of these loafers sixpence each to kick you hard. You were lying low, safe as houses, in clover, and in a little while all the old trails would have been grown over; now who knows what trails you've cleared. I only know what a colossal fool you are when you're like that. Now, what's to be done? It's no good going back to the hotel, the sunstroke wheeze won't wash there. It strikes me I'd better clear Bayminster altogether. I will. I'll make a bee-line to the railway-station. Hallo! who's this? What! There's only one face as craven, as ugly, and with such low-down cunning as that one in the wide, wide world! And yet it can't be! And still it must be—the one and only Yellow Ferret! Hey! you! excuse me, Sir!"

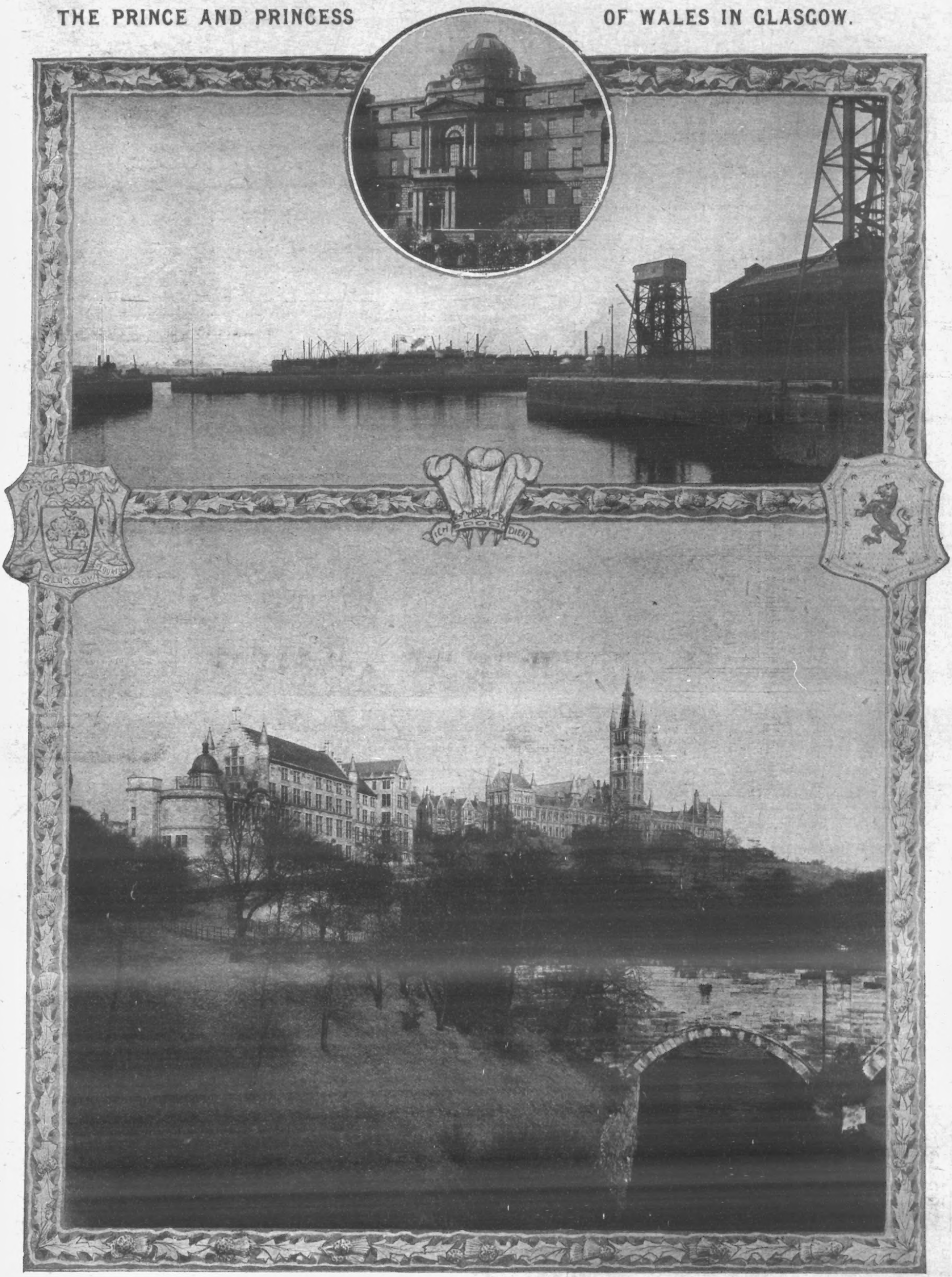
Eli Harker, thus accosted, heaved a swift convulsive gasp, and went from sallow to dead man's grey. "You! you!" he gasped; "I thought you were done in, done in and buried—on Spike Island!"



"You, you!" gasped Harker, "I thought you were done in, done in, and buried—on Spike Island."

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN GLASGOW.



Photos Annan.

1. THE OLD ROYAL INFIRMARY BUILDING.—THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE EXTENSION LAID BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

2. THE NEW DOCK OF THE CLYDE NAVIGATION TRUSTEES: THE ROTHESAY DOCK AT CLYDE BANK OPENED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES THIS WEEK.

3. THE ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—ON THE LEFT ARE THE NEW BUILDINGS.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

Photo. F. Russell and Sons.

EVERTON v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

Everton fouls, and Sheffield is awarded a free kick.

FOOTBALL.

IN offering congratulations to Sheffield Wednesday on their success in the greatest of all football competitions—the English Cup—one can scarcely compliment them on the form they displayed. Rather was their victory of two goals to one gained by the ineptitude of Everton, who were a long way below their proper form.

No one would have cavilled if the game had ended in a draw, for neither team really deserved to win. Few "finals" have furnished more disappointing play from a scientific point of view. Combination was rarely attended to, and the amount of miskicking that was seen warranted the very adverse criticisms that were passed by the majority of the 85,000 spectators present.

Probably the fickle wind spoiled many good intentions. I was assured that this was so by Mr. Nat Whittaker, who was referee in the game; but, all the same, excuses are hard to find for so moderate a display by two admittedly first-class sides. And there was luck attached to at least two of the three goals scored. The first fell to Stewart, after offside had been given against a drive into the net by the "Blades," and an equaliser came from Sharp before half-time, the Everton outside right shooting hard and true following a series of bungles near the Sheffield goal. All seemed settled for a draw when the second half had spent its course, with the exception of a bare four minutes, and then a surprise goal came, Simpson, absolutely unmarked, heading past Scott from a lofty centre from Wilson. Few realised that a goal had been scored, but scored it was, and it entitled the veteran, Tom Crawshaw, as captain of the Wednesday side, to take the Cup from the hands of Lord Alverstone after the match was ended. Incidentally I may mention that in the competition proper of the Cup £63,000 was taken in gate-money, and 1,800,000 people attended the various ties.

The destination of the League championship has been a certainty for Newcastle United for some time, but up till Saturday they had a great chance of beating Liverpool's record of 51 points, having already equalled it, with a match to play. However, they failed to rise to a great occasion, and by suffering a defeat from Bolton Wanderers by four goals to two, they threw away a golden opportunity. Still, they can look back upon the season with considerable pride, the only great blot upon their record being their unexpected defeat in the English Cup by Crystal Palace.

The race for second position between Everton, Bristol City, Aston Villa, and Sheffield United makes an interesting study. The first-named have partly spoiled their chance by a defeat by three goals to nil at the hands of Manchester United on Monday. That reduced them to an equality with the Villa and the Sheffielders. The two latter and the unsuccessful Cup-finalists have now played thirty-seven games, and each have gained 44 points. Bristol City have the same number of points, with two matches to play, so that 3 points in their remaining matches will land them second to Newcastle, whatever may befall the others.

The long-drawn-out struggle between the clubs fighting to avoid relegation to the Second Division has culminated in Derby County and Stoke falling to the chances of the game, and it may be of interest to mention that it is the first occasion since the formation of the League that Derby County has been "reduced." In the case of Stoke, they were "relegated" in 1891, but regained their place in the following year. Notts County and Bury have both had many anxious moments, and only just escaped, while Blackburn Rovers promised to finish in the ruck at one time.

Nottingham Forest and Chelsea have been practical certainties for promotion for some time, and their positions were firmly established last week. The Forest are also safe to secure the championship of the Second Division, for with only one match to play they are almost bound to finish one point in front of Chelsea, who, like their rivals, have taken part in thirty-seven games, and have consequently only one more to play. The one club certain to have to apply for re-election is Burton United, and some people think that they will fail to obtain it.

Fulham's satisfaction at having secured the championship of the Southern League will doubtless be robbed of much of its delight by the fact that just as the season was closing—and all connected with the Craven Cottage club were on good terms with themselves—their champion goalkeeper, John Fryer, broke his arm rather badly just above the wrist. The injured man is such a fine sportsman, and has had such a lot to do with Fulham's success as captain as well as player that it is well for his club that the season is at an end.

There was just a thousand-to-one chance of Southampton spoiling Fulham's chances last Saturday, but the champions, who have learned to score goals lately, pulled through readily enough by three goals to nil. Portsmouth are an easy second, and beat Millwall last Saturday by two goals to nil. At one time they were seriously threatening Fulham's position, but they failed unaccountably on occasion. The two last clubs on the list are Crystal Palace and Northampton, and these will of necessity have to make application to remain in the First Division. I consider that the performances of the Palace in the Cup ties entitle them to great consideration, and Northampton have at times displayed such form that it is difficult to find a worthy successor to them.

Devon and Durham played another pointless draw when they met for the replay of the Rugby County Championpionship at Exeter last Saturday. Devon played much better than on the previous occasion, but taking all things into consideration, it is as well that neither of the crack teams of the South and North have definitely attached the honours.

THE CUP FINAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Sheffield Wednesday, who won the match, have just scored the first goal.

CRICKET.

Signs of the coming cricket season are usually associated with the Notts Colts' match, though occasionally we have a big match as a kick-off—pardon the belated football phrase! Apparently, the young blood of Nottingham is richer in bowling than in batting, for John Gunn, Hallam, and James Iremonger played sad havoc with their batsmen. But it is "early days yet," and some of the colts may come along to make a big name.

F. L. Fane cannot undertake the duties of captain for Essex this year, and the leadership has been conferred on my old friend, Charles McGahey, one of the most genial and, at the same time, judicious of cricketers. Popular as well as skilful, he should make the Essex team go well this summer.

In the annual report and balance-sheet of the Surrey C.C.C., which were issued on Saturday, the committee refer to the splendid play of the eleven last season under Lord Dalmeny's captaincy, and pay a tribute to the work done for the club during a period of nearly thirty-five years by the late Mr. C. W. Alcock. There is also a reference to the death of Mr. W. W. Read. The financial statement shows a profit on last year's work of £586 11s. 6d. This is a far more favourable result than might at first sight be supposed, as the match with Yorkshire, at which the gate receipts were just over £1550, was given to Walter Lees for his benefit. In the coming season the Yorkshire match is to be played for Holland's benefit. The annual meeting will be held in the Pavilion at the Oval on Thursday, May 2, at five o'clock.

BILLIARDS.

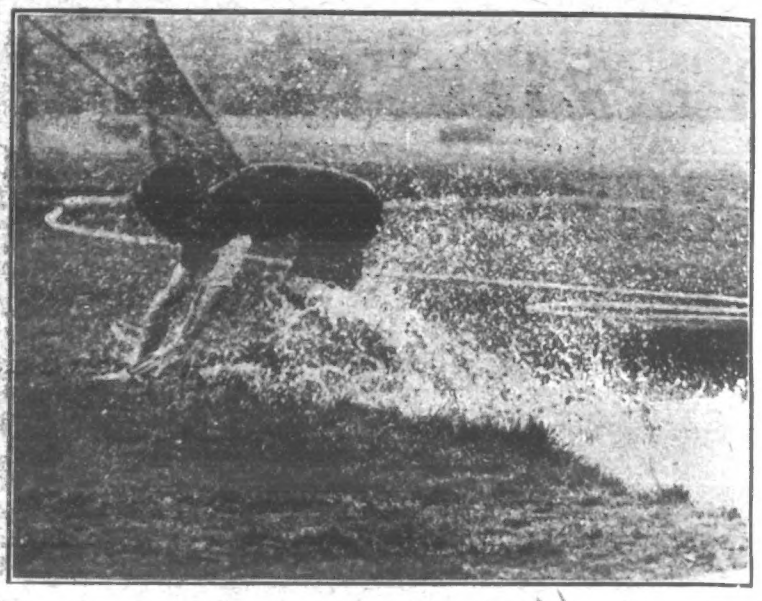
Dawson has demonstrated to the full how foreign to the spirit of the game is the "anchor" stroke. He certainly beat all the world's records on any kind of billiard-table last week, when he made a break of 23,769 against Lovejoy at Glasgow, but few people who saw him perform will have a good word for the now notoriously wearisome stroke. Cook also went along at the same stroke in his match with Harverson at Thurston's, but the attendances at that popular resort fell off as the game proceeded—a sure sign that the public as well as the powers that be have had quite enough of the modern method of making mammoth breaks.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The first Spring Meeting of the London Athletic Club was held at Stamford Bridge last Saturday, and very enjoyable the afternoon proved to the lover of athletics. There was an innovation in the programme, three races being introduced for members of lacrosse clubs: one at 120 yards, for a cup presented by Lord Strathcona, another a relay race, and a third at half a mile. The experiment was so successful that it will probably be repeated.

That at the shorter distance resulted in favour of J. A. Miller, the joint holder of the Essex championship at 100 yards. The relay race for the South of England Lacrosse Association's Challenge Cup fell to the West London club, with Leys School second and Catford third. The half-mile was secured by R. F. M. Bigby, Surbiton.

The Two Miles Walking Challenge Cup was retained by the holder, F. B. Thompson, and the Steeplechase Challenge Cup, over a like distance, also remained in the same keeping as last year, R. F. C. Yorke having little trouble in beating H. C. Rose and H. C. Hawtrey. The open 100 yards handicap resulted in a popular victory for L. J. de B. Reed, who had 2¾ yards start; L. J. Cornish was second from the 3½ yards mark, and A. E. Greene filled third place. The half-mile was secured by A. W. Hog, S.L.H., who, with a liberal start of 67 yards, covered the course in 1 min. 56 2-5 sec.



L.A.C. SPRING MEETING.

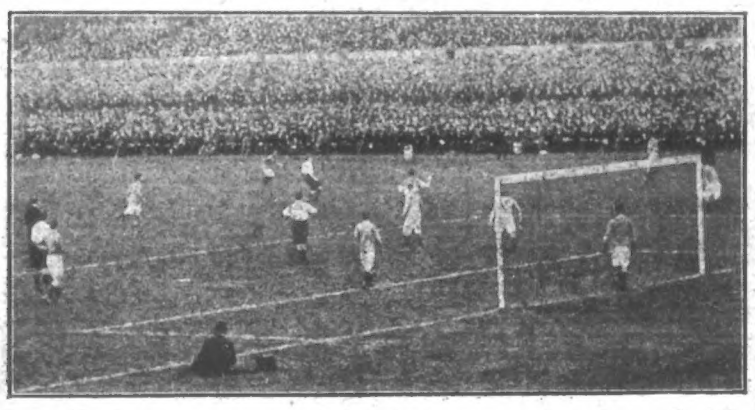
R. F. C. Yorke, winner of the two miles steeplechase, at the water

The 220-yards hurdle race on level terms was placed to the credit of O. Groenings, who got over the obstacles in 30 3-5 sec. Altogether the meeting was a big success, and the racing attracted some 2000 spectators.

The sports of the Post Office Savings Bank were revived last Saturday after an interval of twelve years, but there were no open races, though the gathering at the Richmond Athletic Ground proved most enjoyable to the friends of the members. S. C. H. Smith won the 100-yards, R. H. Jones the one-mile bicycle race, J. N. Haslam the veterans' handicap, H. D. Benyon the relay race, G. M. Aylmer the 880-yards, H. O. Brooks the two-miles walk, and P. M. Brennan the mile run.

No team has ever gained such distinction in International gymnastics as did England at Birmingham last Saturday in the "bar" exercises. The Scottish representatives, as usual, showed to advantage at rope-climbing; but England finished an easy first with 307 1-6 points to Scotland's 280 2-3 points, Wales being a long way behind with a total of 233 1-6. Ireland did not send a team.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*



EVERTON v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

The Everton goal in danger. Exciting play shortly after the start.

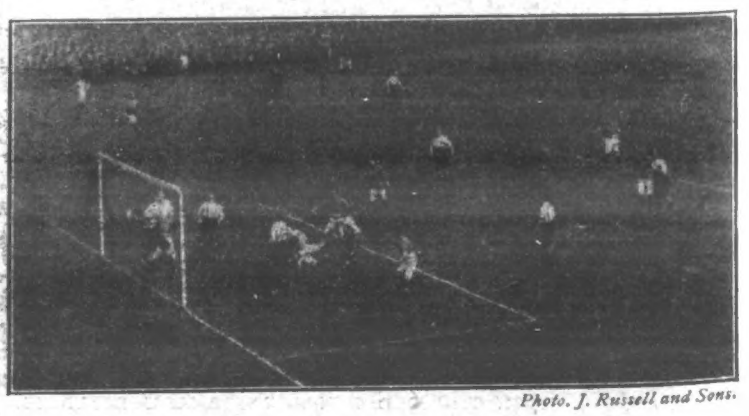
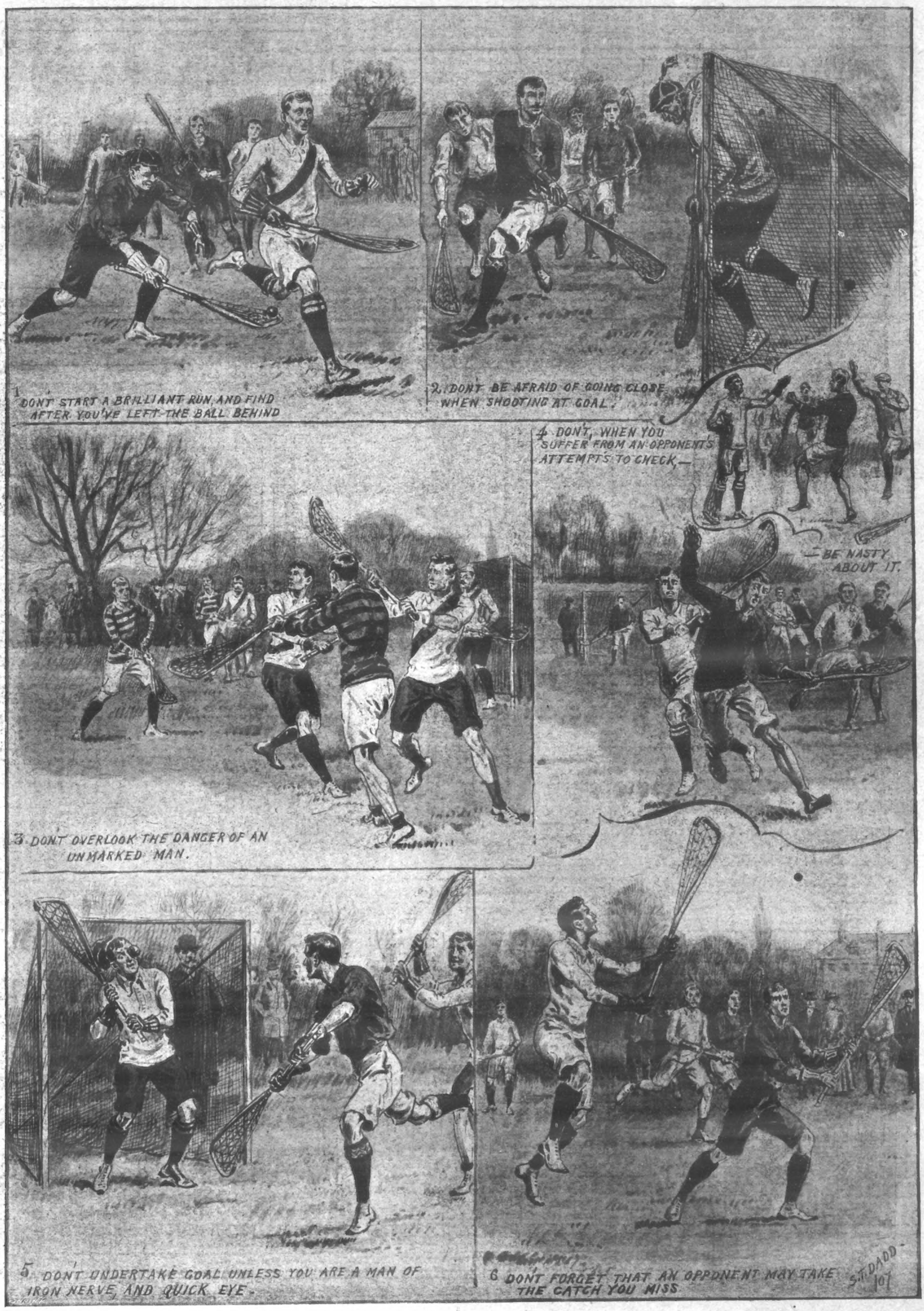


Photo. J. Russell and Sons.

EVERTON v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

Everton pressing strongly, the ball being headed over.

A FEW "DON'TS" FOR BEGINNERS AT LACROSSE.



PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST

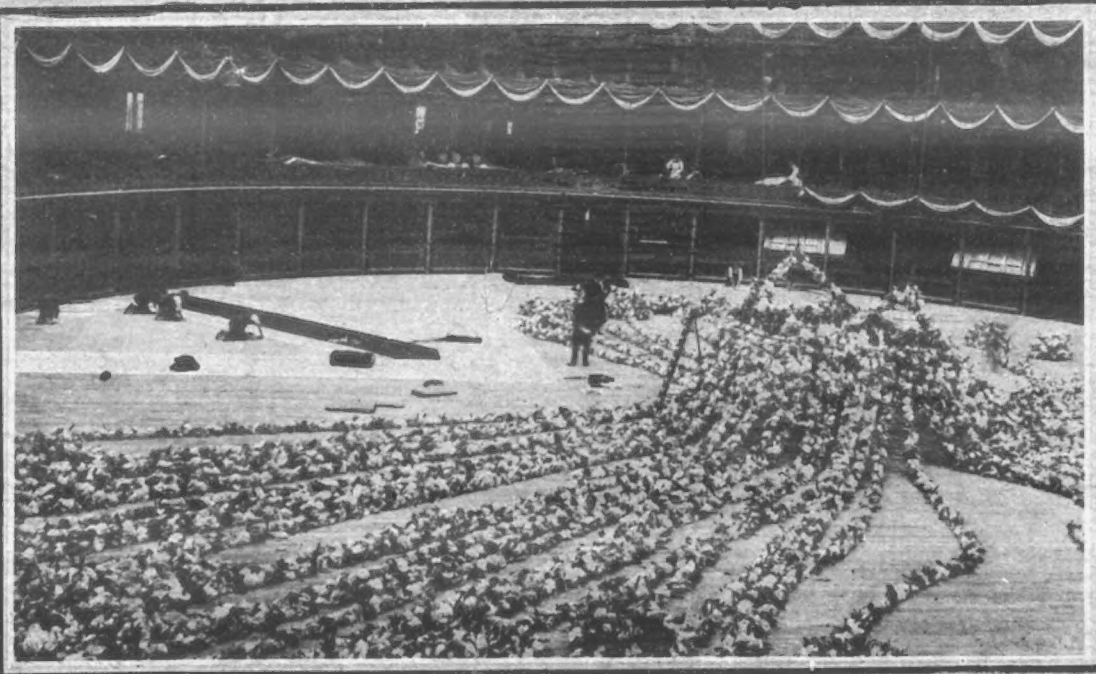
Photo. Cribbs.
"SCATTERS," the pet of the crew of H.M.S. "Dreadnought." Three hundred of the men assisted the photographer to take this picture.

PRIMROSE DAY.
The crowd round the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, which, as usual, was beautifully decorated.

THE DISTRESS IN WOOLWICH.
A crowd of Arsenal workers who took part in the deputation to the Premier last Monday.

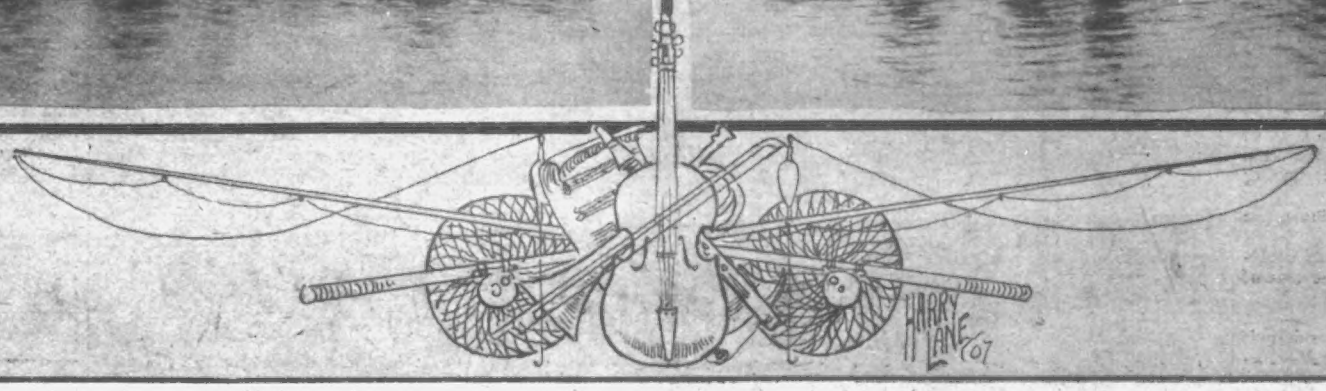
Photo. Halftones.
A WRECKED LEVIATHAN.
The liner "Dakota" lying helpless on the rocks.

OUR COLONIAL VISITORS.
A snapshot of Lady Ward and Miss Ward, wife and daughter of Sir J. Ward, Premier of New Zealand.



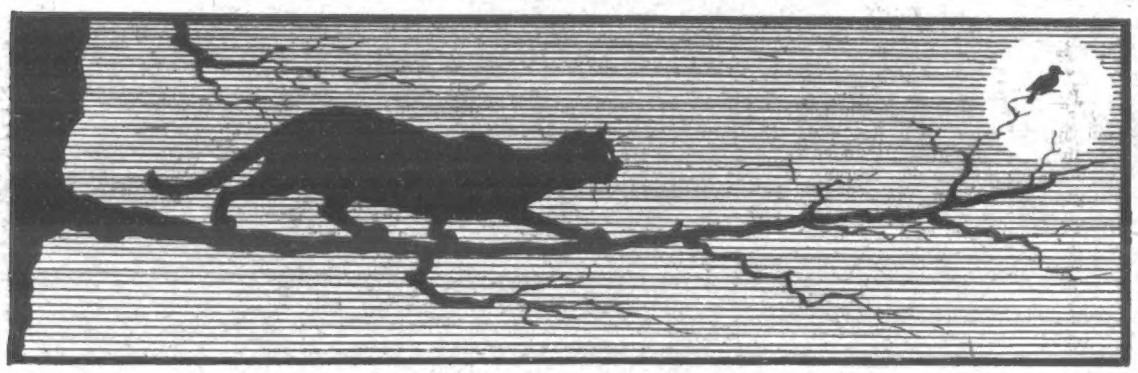
PREPARING FOR THE COLONIAL PREMIERS' BANQUET.
The vast Albert Hall being decorated for the banquet given to the Colonial Premiers last week.—[Photo. Bolak.]

FISHES CHARMED BY MUSIC



Photos. Clarke and Hyde

It has been alleged that fish could be charmed by music to rise to the surface and so be easily caught. To test this theory a party of Thames fishermen who were something of musicians embarked for a day's fishing, taking their instruments with them. The catch was not a record one, though, as our photographs show, the fishermen tried by concerted pieces, cornet solos, violin solos, and flute solos to tempt the denizens of the river.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Place He was Fitted For.

THE village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice towards rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which was to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came.

"Ladies and gentlemen — dear friends," he began, his good, brown face very red indeed, "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking!"

Then he realised what he had said, and sat down amid roars of laughter.

Hard to Please.

He was something of a gourmet, and had ordered a dinner which, from the menu, should have been very palatable, but apparently was not so. At last he called up the waiter and expostulated.

"I ordered a good dinner, and have waited patiently for some satisfactory dish. The soup was a failure, the fish was a disappointment, the entrée uneatable, and I am sorry to tell you that during the whole dinner there has been nothing worth looking at."

The waiter looked troubled for an instant, and then, brightening up, said:

"If you'll wait a moment, Sir, I will bring you the bill."

But somehow even that did not satisfy the fastidious diner.—*Answers.*

Of Course He Could.

A story is told of a yard-master who was interviewing applicants for the post of a driver of a motor-'bus. Among the volunteers was an Irishman.

"Can you drive a car?" asked the yard-master.

"Can Oi drive a car?" repeated the Irishman scornfully.

"Well, suppose you run the 'bus into the shed."

Pat climbed on to the trembling vehicle. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it for all he was worth. Zip! she went into the shed. Pat saw trouble ahead, and guessing what would happen, reversed the lever. Out she went—in again—out again.

Then the yard-master yelled, "I thought you said you could run a motor-car?"

But Pat had an answer ready: "Oi had her in three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"—*The Reader.*

Would Have Done the Same.

Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly got his wit from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan clergyman.

It is related of this gentleman that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties — was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlour without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair.

Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said—

"Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other."

Macdonald's reply was—

"That 's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."—*Tit-Bits.*

Dr. Pill (meeting former patient): "Ah, good-morning, Mr. Smith. How are you feeling this morning?"

Mr. Smith: "Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?"

Kind Lady: "And are they good to you in the workhouse?"

Tramp: "Oh, no, Ma'am, they're werry cruel; they makes us wash ourselves."

Just the Man.

"We want a man for our inquiry office," said the manager, "but he must be able to answer all sorts of questions and not get irritated."

"That 's all right, Sir," replied the applicant. "I 'm the father of eight children."

What Did He Want?

Nobody outside the journalistic profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons. For instance, referring to a public man's reputation for carelessness in the matter of his toilette, a paper announced—

"Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

This made Maguire furious, and he demanded a retraction, which appeared thus—

"Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

Oddly enough, this only enraged Maguire the more.—*Smith's Weekly.*

What He Could Do.

First Motorist: "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

Second Motorist (under his machine): "Yes, Sir. The lady in the car is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm making this confounded engine go."

At His Word.

A Continental railway station was crowded with hurrying people of many nationalities, but the Englishman, who was trying to reach his family, felt one man push against him with unnecessary roughness.

"See here," he said, turning on the offender, "you stop jostling me that way or you 'll get more than you expect."

He had hardly expected his words to be understood, but the young man whom he addressed drew himself up haughtily and said in excellent English, with but a slight German accent—

"I am at your service, Sir, at any time and place."

The Englishman was equal to the occasion.

"Well, now, that 's right," said the latter, hooking his arm into the haughty young man's. "You carry this bag of mine, and take my party to a good hotel. You 're just the man I 've been looking for and didn't know how to find."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Revengeful.

A singer, who recently passed an evening at the house of a lady, stayed late. As he rose to go, the lady said—

"Pray don't go yet, Mr. Basso; I want you to sing something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbours."

"Never mind the neighbours," answered the young lady quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

He Got There First.

A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbours, had arranged to pass a few days with their families away in the country, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish-dealer's in town and said to the dealer—

"Have you a fresh salmon weighing about fifteen pounds?"

"I have, Sir."

"Well, I want you to put him on ice, and send him to me at once. I propose to catch him on a hook out there."

"Very well, Sir. I think I'll ship the two together."

"The two?"

"Yes, Sir. Mr. ——" (mentioning the other esteemed citizen) "was here an hour ago, and bought one weighing twenty pounds! It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box."—*Smith's Weekly.*

Trying His Strength.

A man was taken on as a labourer in one of the large shipbuilding yards situated on the Clyde. The first thing he had to do was to carry some rather heavy planks. He had been about an hour carrying them, when he went up to the foreman and said—

"Did I tell you what my name was whin I started?"

"Aye," said the foreman; "you said it was Tamson."

"Oh, that 's a' richt," replied the labourer, looking over at the pile of planks he had yet to carry; "I was wondering if you thought I said it was Samson."

Willing to Oblige.

One day a recruit was taken to be sworn in before a magistrate. Everything was going on swimmingly, when the magistrate asked the man the following question:

"Have you ever been in prison?"

At this the recruit looked startled, but quickly recovering himself, blurted out—

"No, Sir, I have never been in gaol, but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary."

An Experienced Beater.

Leaning against the railings of a small cottage-garden stood a diminutive urchin, sobbing as though his little heart was dangerously near the breaking-point.

A benevolent old gentleman went up to him.

"What is the matter, my child?" he inquired soothingly. "Come, tell me what you are crying about?"

The youth only roared the louder. "My father," he howled, "has been beat—beatin' me!"

"Come, come!" said the old gentleman in an excellent attempt to rally him, "you mustn't cry like that! All fathers have to beat their boys at times. You must cheer up and forget all about it."

Then the youth looked at him with a scornful glare.

"Ah!" he said slowly. "I dessay I could forget it if father was an ordinary sort o' man; but"—and here the tears burst forth once more—"he 's in a brass band, and plays the big drum!"—*Answers.*

Not Easily Found.

First Artist: "We must go to Nature for our subjects."

Second Artist: Oh, that 's easy; but where on earth are we to go for our customers?"

THE "P.I.P." ARTIST SENDS TO THE ACADEMY.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE other day, I went to see "Toddles" in his new quarters, Mr. Cyril Maude's pretty and well-arranged theatre, The Playhouse, and "Toddles" is flourishing. I have always considered Mr. Maude our leading comedian, and his impersonation of Lord Meadowes is as good, if not better, than anything he has done. From the time he comes on to the stage until the time the curtain finally descends, he keeps the house in a continual roar of laughter. His efforts being ably backed up by a clever and hard-working company, it is a matter of no surprise that the play has nearly reached its three hundredth performance and that the flying matinée to Brighton last week beat all records. I hear that before long certain alterations are to be made in the play, and that there is every sign of it running its merry way right through the season. "The Drums of Oude," which precedes the longer play, is a clever dramatic piece of work, which gives Mr. Kenneth Douglas scope for some fine acting. Mr. Charles Maude is very good as the boyish young officer, and Miss Madge Titheradge makes a charming but rather too emotional Mrs. Clayton.

The Success of the Season.

On Monday last the entire production of "The Gipsy Girl," together with the complete cast, including Miss Sybil Arundale, was transferred from the Waldorf Theatre to the Kennington Theatre, for six nights and matinée on Thursday at 2.30. This week, at the Camden Theatre, Mr. George Edwardes's principal company will present "The New Aladdin." A very strong cast has been secured.

"The Gipsy Girl."

California claims Miss Unger by birth and parentage, but she has lived in London ever since she was three years old—not a by any means prehistoric date. From the first she wrote plays, and at the age of eleven gave the late Sir Henry Irving the chance of producing and playing the principal part in a pantomime written by herself, an offer of which, however, strange to say, Sir Henry did not take advantage. Schooldays at South Hampstead School, in the North of London, were uneventful, except that Miss Unger was a constant source of wonder to the other girls, as she did not care for games at all, and preferred Shakspere to shinty and Maeterlinck to marbles. Then, says *M.A.P.*, with the extension of her skirts and the retraction of her hair, strong artistic tastes developed themselves, and Miss Unger went to Paris to become an artist, studying under Benjamin Constant, Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, and other famous masters. Miss Unger now thinks she wasted a lot of time in Paris; but, at all events, an example of her work—a miniature—was good enough to find a place on the walls of the Salon, and to be awarded "honourable mention." But playwriting was perhaps her true métier, and she kept on writing plays until one day "Mr. Kean," in one act, found favour in the eyes of Mr. Seymour Hicks, by whom it was produced. Further than this one need not—indeed, cannot—go in Miss Unger's career, for the next step brings one to "Mr. Sheridan."

The Author of "Mr. Sheridan."

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has shown her interest in Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mallinson's coming recitals at Bechstein Hall by graciously giving her patronage to the recital which is to take place on May 2. The programme will be devoted exclusively to Mr. Mallinson's own songs.

An Interesting Recital.

"The Great Conspiracy," at the Duke of York's, has failed to attract, despite the fine company engaged in the interpretation of this Napoleonic comedy. Mr. Charles Frohman has accordingly arranged for a revival at this theatre on May 4 of Captain Robert Marshall's clever play, "The Royal Family," with Miss Alexandra Carlisle as the Princess and Mr. Henry Ainley as the Prince.

"The Great Conspiracy."

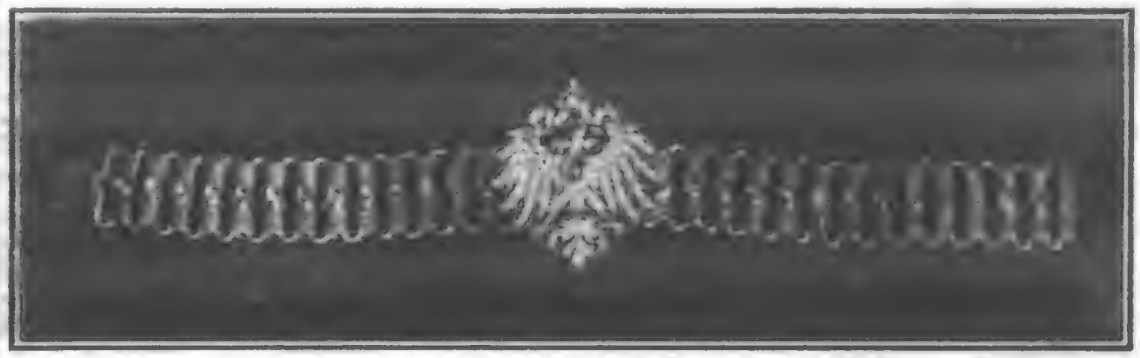


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE KAISER'S GIFT TO AN ENGLISH ACTRESS.

The magnificent gold and jewelled bangle presented to Miss Constance Collier by the Kaiser when she was performing with Mr. Tree in Berlin last week.

As Mrs. D'Oyly Carte will have time, before giving up the Savoy Theatre to the future lessees in August next, to produce only one more revival, she is anxious to ascertain which is the opera the public most desire to see. The operas which are practicable are "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and "Princess Ida." Mrs. Carte will be glad to receive postcards from members of the public, giving the name of the opera preferred.

Opera by Plebiscite.

After a long absence from London, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, on Monday, started an engagement at the Marlborough, during which performances will be given of "Tannhäuser," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Othello" (which has not previously been presented in English), "Faust," and "Il Trovatore."

Return of Carl Rosa Company.

Mr. David Bispham was in particularly good voice at his third recital at the Bechstein Hall last Friday afternoon. Among his choice selection of classic songs were Schubert's "Der Wanderer," Strauss's grimly pathetic "Stonebreaker's Song," and a group of Franz's beautiful songs. Mr. Bispham introduced a set of new songs, "Four Celtic Studies," by an American composer, Henry Gilbert, who hails from Boston.

Mr. Bispham's Recital.

For "When Knights were Bold," at Wyndham's, a new curtain-raiser has now been provided in "The Boatswain's Mate," one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' characteristic stories, in the dramatisation of which he has been assisted by Mr. Sargent. The little play is, of course, hardly another "Beauty and the Barge," and the simple fun of the mate's strategy for the widow's captivation does not come out quite so well in action as in narrative. But the quaint trifle, spiritedly played by Miss Hollingshead and Messrs. Tully and Richardson, amply fulfils its modest purpose.

"The Boatswain's Mate."

Photo. Ellis and Walery.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF "THE GREAT CONSPIRACY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Our picture No. 2 shows Jeanne de Briantes (Miss Irene Vanbrugh) tempting Captain Roger Crisenoy (Mr. Henry Ainley) to linger over his supper in her society, in order that he may be unable to defend Napoleon from the murderous attack her husband is that night making on the Emperor. Our other pictures represent the wedding-night of Jeanne and Crisenoy. She has sworn to Napoleon that her traitorous husband, whom the Emperor wishes to bring to justice, is dead, and on hearing this, Napoleon compels her to marry Crisenoy, whom she loves, the same evening, so that he may judge by her manner if she be really wife or widow. Later on, the death of her objectionable husband clears the path for Jeanne's happiness with Crisenoy.

THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

April 29 to May 5.—I thought we should have to suffer for the Easter sunshine, and there are few gardens that do not show symptoms of the severe frosts of the past week or so. A dry frost is bad enough, but a low thermometer after rain is sheer annihilation. On the slightest promise of frost now I give protection to all my young growths, and one cannot be too careful in this respect. Potatoes are specially liable to irreparable injury, but loose straw, bracken, and even light cloths over hooks or sticks afford suitable protection on bleak nights. This week runner-bean seed may well be planted in most southern gardens, and an early opportunity should be taken to plant the remainder of the hardy annual flower-seed, whilst you may continue planting half-hardy annuals in boxes, to be bedded-out later. By the way, speaking of the flower-garden, I am this week placing an order with a nurseryman for some dahlias for delivery a fortnight hence. I continue to plant succession crops for the vegetable garden, and my week's programme includes earthing up peas and beans, transplanting onions from the nursery-bed, and the sowing of fresh saladings of all sorts. Lawn-grass now grows apace, and needs careful mowing and rolling, and weeds must be kept down firmly. I shall have the hoe going also in many beds in my kitchen-garden this week.

My Garden Plans.

There are many plants that grow without soil, and a certain number that will flourish with no more moisture than that contained in the air. The Sauromatum, or Monarch of the East, is an example of this kind of plant; and is a huge bulb, that will flourish on any warm mantelpiece, with neither water, soil, or pot. After a while this bulb throws up a shoot which later evolves itself into a weird flower, occasionally eight inches in length, speckled, and of a peculiar nondescript colouring. At the passing of the flower the plant may be potted, when it is good-natured enough to send up rather a graceful foliage; whilst in the fall of the year the bulb may be taken from the pot, dried off, and put away till the following spring, when there is a possibility of the performance being repeated. These Monarch of the East bulbs cost, I believe, a shilling each, and all the seed-shops seem to stock them. Most amateurs have heard of the plan of inverting an ordinary lamp-glass on a saucer, filling it with soft, damp paper, and planting runner-bean seed. If the paper is kept regularly moist, the plants are sure to thrive. There are many orchids that thrive merely on a piece of bark, without any soil; and the air-plant exists in a tumbler of water, or when attached to a piece of bark and moistened occasionally with water poured into its centre. The Tillandsia is a plant that needs neither soil, bark, nor water, and will thrive when suspended by a piece of wire. Selaginella lepidophylla is a peculiar moss from Palestine that may now be purchased in the shops in dry, shrivelled form. If put in water for half an hour, however, it opens out in glorious hues and tints, and makes an excellent decoration.

Plants Without Soil.

I have been asked by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to announce that a new edition of their leaflet on the Black Currant Mite has been published, in which information on the treatment of this pest with lime and sulphur has been incorporated. Fruit-growers whose bushes have been attacked with the mite are advised to experiment with this process. Copies of the leaflet may be obtained gratis and post-free on application to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, 4, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. Letters so addressed need not be stamped.

Black Currant Mite.

Every fowl is liable to be troubled with insect pests, and precautions should be taken early to deal with this matter. These remarks apply particularly to spring chickens, and vermin will retard the growth of the hardiest of birds. A complete dusting with some reliable insect powder is the best remedy, though with insects that infest the feet and legs soaking and bathing in a bath of warm water, Sunlight Soap, and petroleum is the only satisfactory method. Chicks that are hen-hatched will obviously be more susceptible to insects than those reared by incubator, and it is always a good plan when sitting a hen to dust her over with insect-powder.

Insect Troubles.

Photo. Bunnett.

"WILL HE BITE?"

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Witham.—I see that onions of the varieties you name for transplanting are listed by the leading nurserymen now, carriage paid, at 9d. and 1s. per 100. Still, the price should depend upon the market you have.

I should be grateful if readers would write me regarding vegetable marrow seed and fowls. I hear from a Devon reader that three of his birds have been poisoned through eating such seed, and am at a loss to account for it unless the seed in keeping became contaminated by some outside agency. Certainly, in the summer, my own fowls have had vegetable marrow among table scraps without taking harm.

W. B. (Kentish Town).—You are wrong in the spelling, as any dictionary would show. F-u-c-h-s-i-a-s are called from Fuchs, their founder, just as dahlias were named after Professor Dahl.

Henry Kerr.—Syringe your peach with tobacco-water to keep down the pests. The tobacco-paper is very cheap at all garden stores.

James Wilson.—Sift the soil and level carefully, then lay the flagstones to make your path. No cement or mortar should be necessary; in fact, the pathway would become artificial and ugly at once were you to be too precise.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

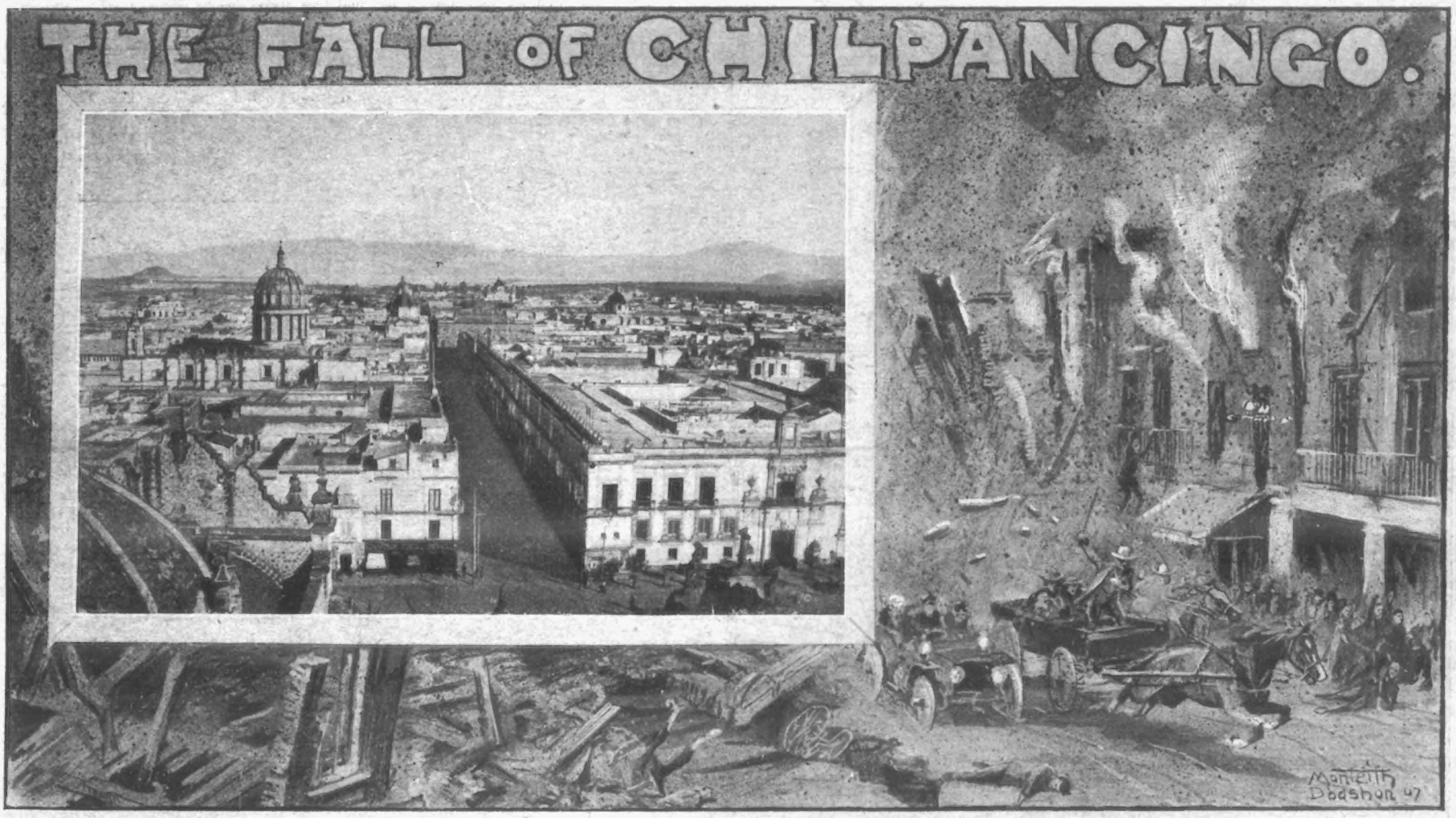
A. Courland Marshall.

THE "ARIEL" DASHES TO DESTRUCTION AT MALTA.

Last Friday night six destroyers attempted to enter the harbour of Malta undetected by the searchlights of the forts. The "Ariel," which was regarded as the smartest vessel of the flotilla, was racing in from the sea at twenty knots an hour, and, unperceived, came within a short distance of the end of the new breakwater. Lieutenant F. N. Turton, her commander, was feeling confident of success when the blinding, bewildering glare of several searchlights enveloped his vessel. By the rules of the game, the lights should have been taken off the moment the "Ariel" was discovered, for the glare makes it impossible for those on board to see ahead, astern, or round about. This was not done, and the red lights at the end of the breakwater were invisible to the "Ariel's" commander as he held on his course. Still going at twenty miles an hour, the "Ariel" crashed into the solid wall of masonry. Almost miraculously, only one member of the crew, Coxswain Sneddon, perished, he being drowned while attempting to swim to the shore.

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF WOOLWICH.

Last Monday evening the employees at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, marched from the Arsenal to St. George's Circus (the nearest they were allowed to go to the House of Commons) to appeal against the wholesale discharges that have been taking place. The Premier received a deputation in his private room. Our photographs show the men leaving the Arsenal and forming into procession; the Rev. S. Parker, known to Woolwich as "the little Minister"; Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., who is taking a keen interest in the cause of the men; and the procession marching through the streets.



A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

Over a thousand people have lost their lives in the territory south-east of Mexico City, and scores of towns have been entirely wiped out in a terrible earthquake. The losses sustained in Chilpancingo and the country near the volcano are described as enormous, and a panic prevailed among the people. Showers of hot ashes fell in the city, and earthquakes were followed by subterranean explosions. Several brooks supplying drinking water have dried up.

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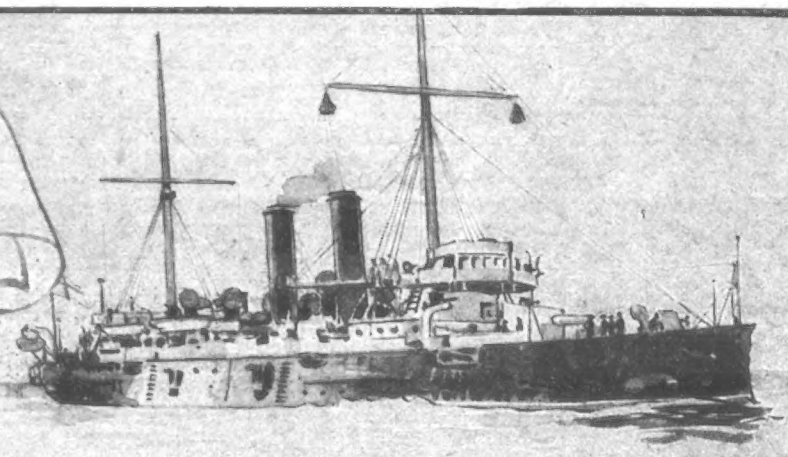

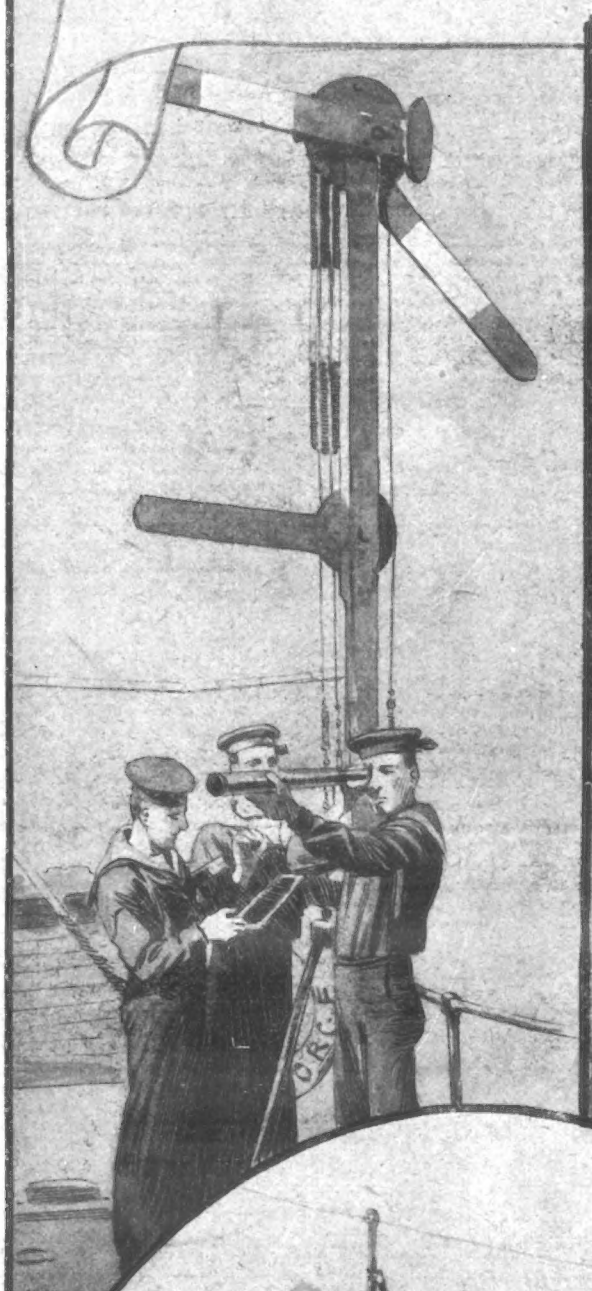

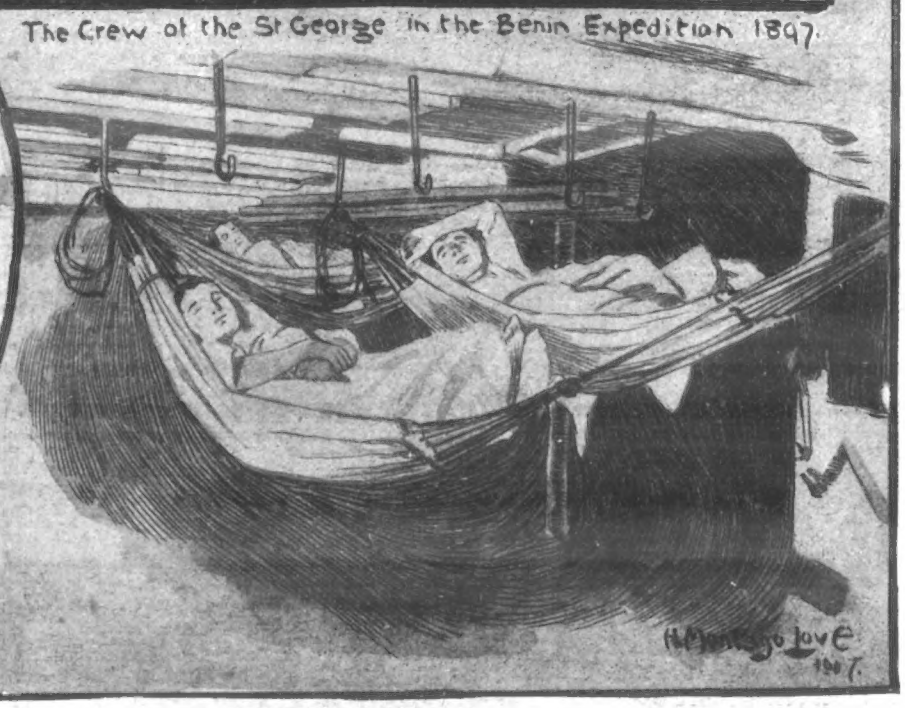

H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE."

The "St. George" is a steel, copper-sheathed first-class cruiser, and was commissioned at Portsmouth in 1894. The crew served with distinction in the Benin Expedition, and the vessel acted as escort to the "Ophir" in the Colonial tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

BOLEROS seem to be worn more than ever just now, and I think their success is partly due to the fact that they offer boundless opportunities for novelties in shape and mode of trimming, so many and varied are the styles to be seen. Among the newest shapes in this long-lived little garment is the tiny sacque bolero in a cross-over style with kimono, or a three-tier arrangement sleeve worn with a dainty chemisette of net or lace and a high-folded silk waistbelt. A pretty costume of this description was of fine grey cloth, with a plain back and front showing wide-pointed revers of white moiré silk, and edged with a narrow passementerie trimming of blue and silver; the bolero was fastened on the left side by three exquisite silver-mounted ornaments, from each of which was suspended a tiny silver tassel. The sleeves, which were long, had cuffs of the moiré silk showing a piping of pale blue at the edge. The folded silk waistband was of pale-blue silk to match. The same note of blue appeared in the skirt in a narrow piping of silk at the edge of each tuck. With this costume was worn a dainty vest of tucked mousseline-de-soie, and the charming hat designed to finish the toilette was of the new blue straw, simply trimmed with many varieties of corn-flowers and ears of wheat, while under the brim at the back nestled some pale-pink rosebuds and a big choux of tulle matching the colour of the hat

New Styles in Boleros.

The soft spring materials are particularly adapted to the many pleatings, which express a favourite mode of the moment. Some skirts are pleated all round, and the pleats allowed to fall free, which is very becoming in the case of young slender figures. Others are fastened down with fancy stitching a little below the hips, and are further ornamented by groups of tiny fancy buttons. So far plain skirts have a decided vogue, and any trimming is laid on flat, flounces and frills being chiefly reserved for evening frocks, and possibly, later on, to ring a few changes on summer frocks of silk and muslin. A very smart way of trimming a light cloth or voile skirt is to have bands of silk laid on alternately with a rather broad tuck of the material. The trottoir skirt has given way to a rather more lengthened style which just clears the ground all round. Needless to say, however, the footwear still needs just as careful attention as in the past, as trailing skirts remain to be revived as a fashion of the future.

The Mode of the Moment.

Masses of ribbon vie with flowers in the hands of some millinery modistes, and chiné ribbons especially are brought to a point of perfection. They are really exquisite in design and colouring, and are far wider than have been used for several seasons. Now that kimono effects and high silk waistbelts and sashes are an edict of Dame Fashion, some extremely beautiful silks for the purpose are being shown, while quaint buckles can be obtained in suitable shapes and sizes, any width of ribbon.

The Ribbon Roll of Fashion.

The Leghorn hat bound with black velvet of the days of our grandmothers is coming in again, and some coloured Leghorns are very smart. The touch of black the Frenchwoman never omits in a smart toilette is not wanting just now. There are signs of it in some of the charming white veils faintly flecked with black and edged with a narrow frill of white silk, and also many of the floating scarves for millinery and decorative purposes have slight touches of black. In many dainty items of neck-wear, too, black has been most successfully introduced.

The Frenchwoman's Happy Touch.

A useful hint in washing chintzes or any light-coloured fabric for the first time is to set the colours by adding one tablespoonful of salt to every quart of the rinsing water. Another precaution is never to roll coloured fabrics when damp among white things, because if the colour should run ever so little, it will stripe the white things near after the fashion of a rainbow.

To Avoid Vexation.

It is very provoking to find that one's costume does not fit in the back, or that it wrinkles across the shoulders and seems to be too long in the waist. The amateur will very often attempt numerous alterations, a little here and a little there, which only has the result of making bad worse. As a matter of fact, one radical change will often work wonders and accomplish all that is necessary. The side seams must be left severely alone, but try taking it up on the shoulder seams. This simple alteration will by itself often do away entirely with unsightly wrinkles in the back.

When Your Bodice Doesn't Fit.

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